THE PACIFIC

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SHARED.

I said it in the meadow path,
I say it on the mountain-stairs:
The best thing any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze,
The light without us and within,
Life with its unlocked treasuries,
God's riches are for all to win.

The grass is softer to my tread
For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild-rose red
Because she makes the whole world sweet.

Into your heavenly loveliness
Ye welcomed me, O solemn peaks!
And me in every guest you bless
Who reverently your mystery seeks.

—Lucy Larcom.

THE PACIFIC

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BILLY SUNDAY PRO AND CON.

Interest in Billy Sunday continues unabated and widespread.

The Literary Digest has sent out a letter to the editors of the religious papers which reads in part: "We encounter such contrary opinions of the value and suitability of revival methods such as those employed by the Rev. 'Billy' Sunday that we think a poll of the religious press on the subject would be interesting to our readers, and perhaps solve some questions that may be perplexing religious workers in this country. Will you kindly write us what you think of 'Billy' Sunday?"

The New York City papers have been giving considerable space to his work at Paterson, New Jersey. One of the leading dailies, The Sun, reported as follows at the opening:

"'O Lord, I know you are going to do great things in Paterson,' exclaimed Billy as he raised his eyes aloft. Then suddenly he bent downward over the edge of the platform, his fists clenched, eyes blazing and face registering hatred, and began his defiance of the devil.

"'Ho, Ho! I don't wonder you're turning pale, Mr. Devil,' he sneered exultingly. 'That your teeth are chattering, you're worried, Mr. Devil! You've had your heel on the neck of Paterson for a long time; you've blighted enough lives. You have damned enough souls. . . . Ha, Ha! You stood with your hands clutching Philadelphia until they tore loose your grip and stood and told you, 'Back to hell with you!' Come on, come on! We will show you that old Paterson will do the same. Back to hell with you.'

"He rained imaginary blows upon his adversary as he told of blighted lives. Sweat poured from his face in streams. When he reached the climax with the cry, 'Come on! come on, back to hell with you!' he straightened up, fell into the crouch affected by pugilists, extending his left arm with his right drawn back and danced back and forth as though waiting for his foe to lead.

"There was first amazement, next applause and laughter mixed, but finally a prolonged burst of handclapping as he went through the performance."

The report in the Brooklyn Eagle of one of the meetings had this paragraph:

"While Choirmaster Rodeheaver was leading the big choir of 1000 at the opening of the meeting Billy was like a caged lion only worse. He first found himself a stool, and there he stood, placing first one knee and then the other on it, and all the time gnawing away at his fingernails for dear life. Then, during the prayer he moved about, twitched, jumped up, sat down, did everything but sit still. In the pulpit, which is raised on a platform away above the congregation, Billy was nothing but a wild dash of tousled hair, open mouth, waving arms, clenched fists and waving coat tails—and voice. Running across the platform, balanced himself on the pulpit rail, waving his arms like a Dutch windmill—all of these things and many more are in his repertoire."

Among the religious papers upholding Mr. Sunday is The Sunday School Times. It has contained during the last three months many articles in support of him. One which we have read with exceeding great interest was written by a lawyer, Samuel Scoville, who states that he went much prejudiced against him.

"His methods from what I read of them did not appeal to me, and the extracts taken from his sermons in the daily papers seemed often to be a mixture of cheap slang and sensationalism."

Mr. Scoville came away with all feeling of condemnation removed, and wrote in most hearty approval. We quote a few paragraphs of his article. After writing of the opening parts of the service he said:

"Suddenly up on the platform came a lithe, immaculately dressed man, with broad shoulders, small waist, and an indescribable swing to his carriage which showed a well-trained body. His face at rest looked like that of an actor's. He had the deprecating expression about the mouth and eyes which is characteristic of professional story-tellers, but as he came up the platform, unconsciously his face broke into a really beautiful smile. As he looked at the vast audience there was nothing of the actor in his face. It was white. The eyes were troubled. He wiped the perspiration off his forehead. His lips moved constantly, and he looked like a man under a terrible strain. As the time for him to speak drew nearer he stood back of a little pulpit, braced both his hands on it, and, with one foot ahead of the other, bent into a position like that of a sprinter on his mark waiting for the pistol. Lower and lower he crouched, while his hands gripped the edge of the pulpit until it creaked under the pressure. As Rodeheaver finished, Sunday sprang at the audience and into his sermon. There was not a second spent in sparring for an opening. He was like a man pleading for his life, and with only a minute in which to do it. His voice is high and husky, and always seems on the point of breaking, but it never does.

"As he spoke his whole face changed and seemed to radiate love. I have heard a long line of evangelists and pulpit orators, Beecher, Parker, Pentecost, Chapman, Torrey and Campbell Morgan, but I have never heard any one who attacked an audience with such tremendous instantaneous, dynamic force as Billy Sunday. One naturally falls into athletic similes when trying to describe him. He made me think of the way that John L. Sullivan in his prime, as the gong sounded, would spring from his corner and dash at his opponent and keep right on top of him, varying his attack every instant, but never allowing his antagonist a second to breathe or get set, until he found an opening, then—crash—and the fight was over. That was the way with Sunday. He hurled himself at his audience. He beat down every line of opposition or doubt. He assailed sin in all of its forms with every variety of attack. He denounced, prayed, scolded, joked, thundered, whispered, argued, pleaded, until he had his audience ready to yield to his final appeal to confess Christ before men now!

That is Billy Sunday at his best. He is not always that way. At his worst he rants, he boasts, he rambles, he grimaces, he sacrifices effect to sensation and good taste for a laugh. Yet just as you are prepared to leave in disgust, he suddenly stops. He catches your sympathy again and springs back to his real level."

In the course of his article Mr. Scoville says: "Yes, he did use slang. If you take detached sentences of his sermon they sound crude and repellent, but it is not fair to judge anything by detached excerpts."

Mr. Scoville gives this graphic account of Mr. Sunday picturing the obstacles which God laid in the path of the man who was hellward bent:

" 'He must trample underfoot and climb over the old Bible itself,' said Sunday, flinging the Bible from the pulpit to the platform with a crash. 'He must climb over all the teaching, all the principles, all the examples of an unnumbered host of saints and martyrs,' and with a wonderful gesture he piled them up in an almost unsurmountable heap over the Bible. 'He must pass over and trample down the crucified body of the Son of God himself,' and with a reverential, yearning gesture he stretched out his arms and lifted the scarred body of the Saviour from the Cross and laid it in front of the sinner to stay his progress to destruction. 'And then,' said Sunday, 'before his hurrying feet his white-haired old father and mother throw themselves down and cry out to him, "You must trample our gray hairs down into the dust in order to pass along on your way to hell!" ' and instantly Sunday threw himself down on the platform at full length. Now if I had read all of this, it would have seemed crude, impossible, irreverent. Yet seeing it was seeing a picture which left you with tears running unconsciously down your face. In a second, with the lithe movements of a trained athlete, he was on his feet again, and once more in a full flood of hurrying, forceful words.

"At the end of his sermon came the call to those who would pass up the sawdust trail and confess before men the faith that was in them. In the accounts that I had read, with the emotional details and the insistence upon numbers, it had seemed to me that such conversions, if so they could be called, were emotional, if not hysterical, and that there could be but little of permanence or eventual good expected from them. As I leaned over the platform rail, however, and saw the stream of men and women and children come forward up the aisle and look up into Billy Sunday's face and clasp his hand, it made me ashamed of my skepticism. Men from the gutter shambled up with their sodden faces transformed with a light that never shone on sea or land; and the face of Billy Sunday, as he looked down into theirs, was the face of a man of God."

The strongest arraignment of Mr. Sunday which has come to our notice was made by Dean West of Princeton University. It was published in the New York Daily Times on the 8th of April. Dean West stated in a prefatory way that it seemed necessary to make such publication inasmuch as there had been considerable criticism in the religious press of President Hibben because he had refused to invite Mr. Sunday to address the students, or to allow the chapel to be used by him. We quote from Dean West's article:

"In matters of religion there is only one standard for a Christian, and that standard is our Lord Jesus Christ. I gladly admit that Mr. Sunday means to be evangelical in his statements. But many of his utterances are, to put it mildly, not Christian, and some of them are travesties of the teaching of Christ. Take the following examples, less vulgar than many others, which are both caricature and a perversion of one of the most sacred scenes in the New Testament:

" 'Mary was one of those Uneeda biscuit, peanut butter, gelatine and pimento sort of women.

" 'Martha was a beefsteak, baked potato, apple-sauce with lemon and nutmeg, coffee and whipped-cream, apple-pie and cheese sort of women. * * *

" 'So Martha was getting dinner and poked her head in the door where Mary was sitting and said, "Mary, carest thou not that I serve alone? * * *

" 'Wouldn't it make you tired if you were doing all the work and had your hands all over dough and the sweat rolling off as you cooked the potatoes, if your big lazy sister was sitting doing nothing?

" 'Then Jesus said, "Tut tut, Martha, thou carest for too many little things." ' "

Then Dean West declares that many of Mr. Sunday's remarks "are personally abusive, disgusting, or slanderous." He quotes without comment the following from reports in the Philadelphia papers, the accuracy of which has never been questioned:

"If a woman on the avenue plays a game of cards in her home, she is worse than any blackleg gambler in the slums."

"If a minister believes and teaches evolution he is a stinking skunk, a hypocrite and a liar."

Dean West mentions some as plainly indecent and quotes:

"I can understand why young bloods go in for dancing, but some of you old ginks—good-night."

"You stand there and watch your wife folded in his long voluptuous, sensual embrace, their bodies swaying one against the other, their limbs twining and entwining, her head resting on his breast; they breathe the vitiated air beneath the glittering candelabra, and the spell of the music, and you stand there and tell me there is no harm in it! You're too low down for me. I want to see the color of some buck's hair that can dance with my wife! I'm going to monopolize that hugging myself."

Dean West gives also this conversation which Mr. Sunday represents himself as having with the Lord after he has entered the spirit world:

" 'You were down in Philly, weren't you, Billy?' the Lord will ask me.

"And I'll say to him, 'Yes sir, Lord, I was there.'

" 'Did you give them my message of salvation, Billy?'

" 'I gave them your message, Lord. I gave it to them the best way I could and as I understood it. You go get the files of the Philadelphia papers. They printed my sermons, Lord. You'll see in them what I preached,' will be my answer.

"And the Lord will say, 'Come on in, Billy, you're free from Philadelphia's blood.' "

Dean West concludes: "Is this the way the Bible speaks? There is no place in that book for swaggering impiety. Mr. Sunday is speaking impudently in the presence of the King eternal, immortal and invisible, to whom alone is due 'honor and glory forever'—even now, even at Mr. Sunday's performances.

"In the name of decency and of the purity and sanctity of our Christian faith, Princeton University refuses to approve Mr. Sunday's performances as suitable for the edification of our students. In times of hysterical excitement we think it our right and duty to stand firm against all inflammatory mob-oratory in whatever field it may appear. * * * He has been free to come as he did, and our students

have been entirely free to hear him, as they did in large numbers—but not on invitation nor with the encouragement of the authorities of the university."

Dean West's article was sent to the Herald and Presbyter, and The Presbyterian, two of the papers published in the interests of the Presbyterian Church. The paper first named referred to it, the second printed it in part. Each claimed that the quotations from Mr. Sunday could not be fairly estimated when taken out of their original setting and away from the occasion on which they were uttered.

After admitting that there were many "who would join with Dean West in his choice of another expression from that used by Mr. Sunday," The Presbyterian said: "But in these days, when the very life of our Christian faith is being threatened, and the morality of our people is being undermined, is it wise or right or strong to parley over form and sacrifice truth and substance?"

Dr. William Henry Roberts, the Stated Clerk for the last quarter of a century of the General Assembly, pastor and theological seminary professor for many years, in a letter to the editor of The Presbyterian, expressed himself as follows:

"It is with regret that I have read the statement by Dean West in relation to Billy Sunday. That many of the evangelist's utterances are, so far as their form is concerned, unacceptable to myself and other ministers of the Gospel, is certain. But the substance contained in them is that which makes the evangelist effective.

"Pesonally, I have such knowledge of the great good done by Mr. Sunday in Philadelphia that I put to one side his particular form of speech in this connection."

It may throw some light on the attitude of Dr. Roberts and the editors quoted to let our readers know that such is their estimate of the doctrine of evolution that while they would not call a minister "a stinking skunk, a hypocrite and a liar," who believes and teaches it, yet they would rejoice over every hard knock which evolution might receive.

It may be of interest and value also to our readers to remark that many of the leading theological seminaries and preachers do believe and teach evolution.

But inasmuch as it is not the intention of the Editor of The Pacific to express any personal judgment at this time, but only to give our readers some knowledge of the discussion which Mr. Sunday is having, we pass to some occurrences in Brooklyn.

Three trustees and three deacons of the Tompkins Avenue Church, the largest Congregational church in this country, having a membership of 3400, were quietly appointed to go to Philadelphia and study Billy Sunday. The men were selected with the view of getting persons who represented all the different types of mind in the church. They did not go in a body. Two of them went together and the rest went separately without knowing who the other representatives were.

All the representatives said that in their judgment it was not for the welfare of Tompkins Avenue Church to enter into the proposed campaign in Brooklyn. Mr. Sunday's language was of some moment in the conclusion, but in it also was the judgment that the money that would be required could be spent in better ways to God's glory.

On the other hand, we find Dr. S. Edward Young of Bedford Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, writing about the same time that on his desk were authoritative statements from twentyfive cities, and 250 letters, showing great results from Mr. Sunday's work along civic and moral and religious lines. We quote:

"They show that 80 per cent of the converts are faithful at the end of two years; that the average church participating in the campaign received an increase of over 15 per cent; that the liquor traffic lost 30 per cent during the year following his campaign; that West Virginia and Colorado, as well as Des Moines, Iowa, went dry after his campaign there; that a much larger efficiency is reported by employers as existing among employes, and that business men everywhere regard a Sunday campaign as worth far more than its expenses to the business interests. Everybody knows, I suppose, that the reported converts in Mr. Sunday's campaigns surpass those ever reported in the campaigns of the great evangelists Moody, Finney, Whitfield and Wesley."

Two noted women went to hear Mr. Sunday in Paterson one night last week. They sat on the platform with Mrs. Sunday. They were Mrs. O. M. Belmont and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs. "And what do you think of Billy?" Mrs. Belmont was asked as she and Mrs. Oelrichs stood to watch the trail hitters come forward. "I am to deeply impressed by what I have heard to say anything here in the Tabernacle," was her reply. Later, walking to their motor, Mrs. Belmont said to Mrs. Oelrichs, "Mr. Sunday is a very great man, and he is doing and will continue to do a great work."

When some one remarked to her that he spoke for woman suffrage, Mrs. Belmont replied: "Oh, the things I heard him say tonight were so much greater that I cannot talk of suffrage now."

So divided are the great religious leaders of the country that it would be possible to list a large number on each side. Among those who do not commend Mr. Sunday are Dr. Charles E. Jefferson of Broadway Tabernacle, New York; Dr. Parkhurst, editor of Zion's Herald, one of the most influential of Methodist papers; also Fred Smith, who was for many years in the International Y. M. C. A. work.

Christian Work and Evangelist quotes without giving his name one of the prominent pastors in the East:

"I cannot help feeling that this eager running of large bodies of ministers from various cities to beg Mr. Sunday to come to their place is an out-and-out confession of failure on their own part. It seems to me to say as plainly as words, 'We are not able to do the Lord's work. We beg you to come.' Is it not also a confession of the failure and uselessness of the Church? It is as though they said, 'The Church is not equal to the task. We must look to methods outside the Church, to men who work by other methods.' As a matter of fact I found in Philadelphia that this was just the impression that had been produced on many thoughtful laymen."

It is evident that Mr. Sunday thinks that the pastors generally are failures, in various ways; he frequently tells them that they are "a bum lot." Last week in Patterson he hurled the following at them: "What are you doing to shake up your congregation? Have you told that old drunken bum down there in the front pew that he is a disgrace to the church, or have you been afraid because he is one of your leading members? Have you rebuked that one over there who is living with another woman and who is breaking his wife's heart and ruining himself and family?"

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Mr. W. J. Funk, one of the publishers of The Literary Digest, who is in San Francisco, visiting the exposition, has remarked with reference to the European war: "Fortunately, the war has reached a stage where an American publisher can get through the week without being charged with being subservient to the Allies or to Germany."

The national biennial convention of the Young Women's Christian Association will be held in Los Angeles from May 5th to the 11th. Significant of the trend of things is the fact that the man who is to give the largest number of addresses is Professor Walter Rauschenbusch of Rochester, New York, the great social service advocate among present-day theologians. He is to speak every day.

A School of Theology has been established by the Methodists at Salem, Oregon, the seat of Willamette University. A correspondent of the Pacific Christian Advocate writes: "That its coming is none too soon is evidenced by the fact that from Denver to the Pacific Ocean and from Mexico on the south to Canada on the north, an area in which Methodism is destined to wield untold influence, this is the only institution for the specific training of young preachers." The man who wrote that is deaf and dumb and blind to everything outside of Methodism.

Professor Harada of Tokyo, Japan, who is the representative of the Emperor of Japan at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, said at the State Sunday School convention in Stockton that "the noble teachings of Christianity had lifted the Japanese higher than any other teaching could do." Just before Mr. Harada gave his address an aged Negro, sadi to be 104 years old was invited to a seat on the platform. When he stepped thereon, Mr. Harada and others gave him the right hand of fellowship, and the audience sanctioned the act by hearty applause.

Gradually the spirit of unity is making its way. Not many years ago such an item as the following would hardly have found place in a Methodist paper. We quote from the Pacific Christian Advocate of Portland: "The pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Astoria, Oregon, conducts a public forum every Sunday. Dr. H. J. Acton, formerly editor of this paper, spoke lately on 'Denominational Difficulties and Their Remedies.' Among other things he is quoted to have said: 'The fundamental principles of religion are all the same. The only difference is in the definition. We try to turn out Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, etc., like we would so many bullets. A Christian should be able to go into any church of God and be received as such. People of the same thought often disagree simply because they do not understand one another. These definitions should be kept as personal property. You will find that most of the matters in argument are not in any way referred to in the Bible. Many of the controversies we have over religious questions are not mentioned in the Bible."

A Washington news item states that active efforts to establish a new and profitable industry among the Eskimo natives of Alaska, through the exportation of reindeer meat, now are being made by the Bureau of Education, with the cordial support of Secretary Lane of the Interior Department. Until within the last few months no special endeavor had been made to induce the exportation from Alaska of reindeer meat, because substantially the entire available supply was needed for local consumption. Rapid increase in the reindeer herds, particularly during the last two years, now warrants the supervisory officials in sanctioning the exportation to continental United States of a considerable surplus of both meat and hides, to the distinct profit of the natives. The meat of the reindeer, which ordinarily has been regarded as a draft animal, is of excellent quality, and possesses a flavor as fine almost as that of venison. In the market it is sold as a delicacy. It is likely that a considerable amount of the meat will be shipped to the United States during the approaching summer, as the proposal of a cold storage company operating between Seattle and Nome, bearing the approval of the Interior Department, has been made to the Eskimo herders in northwestern Alaska to market all the surplus meat at prices that will be profitable to the natives. Soon after the inception of the reindeer industry Laplanders, expert in the handling of the animals, were secured by the Interior Department to instruct the Alaskan Eskimos in the care and management of the reindeer, each of the Lapps receiving a specified number of the animals in payment for his services. The result has been a large increase in numbers. There are now 65 known herds of reindeer in Alaska, aggregating 57,872, an increase of 22 per cent in the last year.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

In one town in Michigan the entire official board of a Methodist church favored the retention of the saloon as necessary for business. Billy Sunday is needed there.

Two cities in Illinois having the lowest tax rate of cities of their class are Rockford and Jacksonville. They haven't had saloons for some time. In 1914 Rockford spent more for public improvements than in any previous year, and yet had her lowest tax rate.

The Poster Advertising Association at a meeting held last month at Palm Beach, Florida, passed resolutions declaring that no further contracts for the advertising of spirituous liquors would be accepted and that existing contracts would not be continued beyond 1915.

The superintendent of the Chicago Dry Federation predicts that Chicago will vote out the saloons in 1916. The movie theaters are a great foe to the saloon in Chicago. "The family picture theater has gone a long way toward keeping men out of the saloons and with their families at night. These little theaters throughout home districts afford excellent amusement, fill in the gap the saloon has filled and demonstrate to the men that they can get along just as well without spending their money for drink at the saloons."

The Northwestern Christian Advocate says that Colonel Roosevelt and Professor Taft shook hands at the funeral of Professor Lounsbury of Yale University. "The funeral service was held in Battell Chapel on the university campus in the presence of a distinguished assemblage. When Colonel Roosevelt and his party entered the chapel, Professor Taft stepped forward and in the most cordial manner possible said, 'How do you do, Theodore?' and extended his hand and the two shook hands and inquired solicitously after each other's families. It is said that their greeting

seemed to be one of genuine good feeling. In nothing could these two distinguished Americans show their greatness more than in this."

A business man who travels considerably in Germany writes from Munich: "Of the blind, unreasoning hate against England and everything English, of which one reads so much in the papers, I found little. Several German friends and acquaintances—including a prince of the Bavarian Royal House—who speak English, talked with me in that language as they always have done. At one restaurant real English Worcestershire was brought to me unasked with my meat. . . . One thing which particularly impressed me was that not a single German with whom I spoke on the subject had even one good word for Austria and the Austrians. While recognizing the fact that through her geographical position, Austria has been useful in the German defense as a buffer between the Fatherland and Russia, she is otherwise regarded simply as a mill-stone hung about the German neck."

Emporia, Kansas, has a minister who is spoken of as "the preacher-judge." The Christian Herald says: "Rev. J. H. Rice, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Emporia, Kan., was appointed judge of the police court by his friend, Mayor Bob Hammer, nine months ago. They call him Judge Rice in the 'South End,' where his court is located, and the Rev. Dr. Rice in the 'North End,' where his church stands. The preacher-judge in his court has introduced the policy of leniency, love, and wholesome advice toward criminals, and the reports are that it works like a charm. It is a court of fact, not of suspicion. The Judge sentenced one bad boy to go to church. He set other prisoners to work cutting up the dead trees in the city into firewood, and had it hauled to their homes. His salary he devotes to the cause of the suffering families of the accused and convicted. He does all the preaching and pastoral work of his church besides. William Allen White, Emporia's most distinguished citizen, recently united with that church. Such would be a debatable experiment for the average minister, but Judge Rice has made good in both functions."

DRS. MATHEWS AND GULICK SPEAK IN NEW YORK CONCERNING THEIR VISIT TO JAPAN.

One day last week a dinner and welcome home was given by the American Peace Society to these representatives of the Federal Council of Churches who returned a few weeks ago from Japan, at which they spoke concerning their trip and what it had disclosed. We condense an account thereof which was given in the New York Times.

Both speakers brought messages of peace and friendship for the United States from Count Okuma, the Japanese Prime Minister, and from other statesmen and influential Japanese citizens. They attended forty banquets in the thirty days they were in Japan, they reported, and made between them over 120 set speeches.

Dr. Mathews expressed the opinion that the visit of himself and Dr. Gulick to Japan had done much to offset the bad feeling incident to the California-Japanese issue, but that it would be necessary for the United States to draw all measures on immigration so as to make them apply equally to all nations before Japan would be permanently satisfied.

"I was assured time and time again," he said, "in conversations with high Government officials that Japan does not intend to break the gentlemen's agreement by which Japanese laborers are forbidden to emigrate to America. All Japan asks is treatment for the Japanese now here on an equality with the treatment accorded the subjects of every other nation. That is a matter affecting the national pride and sensibilities.

"I found much bad feeling there against the United States. Of course I did. And looking at our own country through the eyes of Japanese suspicion, I found it a very different country than the one which I thought I knew. The Japanese jingoes suspect that we are a nation of people who are dollar mad, and hypocritical; a nation that carried the Golden Rule to the individual heathen, and at home permitted slums to develop, and graft to become the base of municipal government. The Japanese jingoes look upon us as a nation affecting altruism, yet with imperialistic ambitions moving slowly yet surely toward Asiatic territory. They note that America took the Hawaiian islands and fortified them, that America took the Philippines and fortified them, that America took Panama by fostering a revolution, and that America now seeks concessions from China.

"This is the reverse side of the picture we get in this country when our jingoes assure us that Japan is sending soldiers into lower California disguised as laborers, is seeking a naval base in lower California, is about to try to fly its flag from some point in the Rocky Mountains, and is a land-hungry, arrogant, military nation simply biding its time for an opportunity to open a pathway in our land for its surplus people.

"Each of these interpretations is the codification of suspicions born of mutterings. In fact, every suspicion America has had of Japan, Japan has had of America. In such suspicions the details are not a serious matter. We can run down and deny each item of sinister suspicion, but the attitude of suspicion cannot be cured by official denials. We must get over regarding the Japanese as mere imitative Orientals and consider them as full partners in the building up of a big international culture based on the problems that come with the development, not of wistaria vines and cherry blossoms, but of coal mines, factories, dockyards, banks, department stores, and a hard-headed, businesslike, and trained diplomacy."

Dr. Mathews said that while he was in Japan the Chinese situation reached an acute stage and that he had an opportunity to talk that situation over with many of Japan's leading satesmen.

"It is difficult," he said, "to hold an unqualified conviction that Japan's plans toward China are magnanimously in the interest of China, and herein the United States and Japan have an opportunity to demonstrate the power of diplomacy based upon the giving of full justice. If Japan's idea is to build up an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine the American people can hardly fail to sympathize with her, particularly as we recall her need for territory in which to expand."

Dr. Mathews said that Count Okuma had assured both Dr. Gulick and himself that Japan had no other purpose than to maintain the "open door" policy in China. "Personally I take these statements literally," continued Dr. Mathews, "neither reading into them nor detracting from them. I believe Japan will maintain the 'open door' in China, but that in so doing she will not turn to the left nor the right from that which is her own interest interpreted in the largest sense. It is yet to appear that she

altruistically considers the welfare of China in her policy for Manchuria. She has been taught by California how to keep the letter of the treaty, and, when necessary, violate its spirit, and evidence from Manchuria shows she has not been an inept pupil. But the United States with the decision of the supreme court as to the power of Congress to pass laws in violation of treaties is in no position to express unbounded indignation."

Dr. Gulick, in his speech, assailed the "amateur journalistic statesmen" who were spreading suspicion, because in their articles from Japan for American readers and from America for Japanese readers, they had no access to authoritative sources and so had to "pick up a whisper here and an innuendo there, and turn it out as news."

Dr. Gulick said that everywhere in Japan he had offered assurances that the Christian churches were coming to realize that the Christian spirit ought to be brought into international relations and ought to dominate in the settlement of questions such as that of the Japanese in California, He said that the Japanese had agreed that this was the correct view and wished to co-operate with Americans to bring about a peaceable adjustment. He said Japan would "go a long ways" for such an adjustment, but that it would never come so long as protests remained unanswered at the State Department, as the last protest from Japan had remained unanswered up to this time.

Inasmuch as California is the great offender against the Japanese we append here some remarks made in an address in this country a few weeks ago by Dr. Toyokichi Iyenaga, former secretary of foreign affairs for Japan:

"I believe that the Californian anti-alien land law, taking into consideration all of the circumstances from its inception to its final enactment, was solely aimed against the Japanese. Hence it is distinctly discriminatory and therefore in contravention of the American-Japanese treaty of 1911.

"I believe at at the same time that the Government is in honor bound to right the wrong of violating the sacred treaty entered into with Japan. The principles of justice and fair dealing with all nations, for which the United States has always stood, call for some such action on the part of the American government.

"It is not for me to suggest the way. It must be clearly understood that Japan is not contending for the right to let loose hordes of uncultured Japanese laborers into the fat lands of California or of the Pacific Coast, or to buy up those lands. What she asks of America is simply to treat her people now residing here justly and squarely like all other aliens, for that will suffice her to maintain her honor and her dignity."

INDIAN TROOPS FIGHTING BRAVELY FOR BRITAIN.

Frederick Palmer who is at the front in France, representing the Associated Press, writes of the Indian troops:

"The picturesqueness of the Indian troops of the British empire breaks the monotony of the grim, colorless business of modern war at the British front. The little mule carts of these soldiers move about among the powerful motor trucks from England.

It was first feared that the Indians might not stand shell fire well, but they became used to it and now they are even contemptuous of it. Accustomed to a hot and dry climate, the chill and rainy weather and the miry mud of northern France has been their worst enemy. When the sun shines a smile spreads over the whole Indian force. Thanks to many layers of warm clothing and careful attention, the sick report of the Indian troops is normal.

All the food of these men has to be brought from India. Speaking no word of English, these dusky strangers have come from the other side of the world to fight in France for Great Britain. Billeted in barns with thick layers of straw for their beds, each race cooking its food to its taste and according to its caste customs, they form a separate world of never ceasing wonder to the French inhabitants. This morning there were seen three thousand cavalrymen riding by on a muddy road, with a background of flat and misty landscape, with all the precision they would show at a royal review. Occasionally among the dusky faces under the turbans there were the white countenances of the English officers who had trained these varied tribes and who have stood with them in the trenches in icy water up to their waists against the enemy.

Sir Pertab Singh, seventy-two years of age, rode at the head of his regiment.

"They told me I was too old," he said, "but I replied, 'If you will not let me fight in France I will go to Afghanistan and fight there. I don't mean to die in my bed, and I cannot live much longer.' So they let me come."

WHAT THE BRITISH INDIANS ARE HOPING WILL COME TO THEM OUT OF THE EUROPEAN WAR.

Lajpat Rai, leader of the Nationalist movement in India, is in this country, and has explained that movement in several places in the East. He said recently:

"In America you have no idea of the great struggle for a measure of self-respecting self-government wich is going on in India. The Nationalist movement, which I represent, has for its immediate aim the securing of a government in India similar to that of Canada and Australia. At present we are living under what even the British themselves term a despotism. True, they describe it as benevolent, but we who have drunk deep at the fountains of European literature are abhorrent of undemocratic rule and contend that no manly people can or will endure under a despotism. During the last then years, as a direct result of this despotism, there has sprung up widespread unrest and discontent. The revolutionary party is expressing this discontent in more violent ways than the nationalist party. We are constitutionalists, and in the words of the president of the Indian National Congress, an unofficial body:

'India wants that her children should have the same rights of citizenship as other members of the empire. India wants the removal of vexatious hindrances on the liberty of speech and freedom of the press, fruitless and dangerous alike to the Government and the people. And above all, India wants that her Government should be an autonomous Government under the British Empire."

The condition of India, declares Mr. Rai, may be measured in two ways, among others, first, by the educational system, and second by the general prosperity of the population. Judged by these standards, the Indian Nationalists believe that their case for a share in the Government is proved. Here is what Rai says of education: "Education in India is neither sufficient nor efficient. There is no compulsory system of education. The education imparted in the vast majority of schools and colleges is purely literary. The system of education is at least

twenty-five years behind that developed in America and Germany. Of late an attempt has been made to establish a few technical institutions, but their number is ridiculously small and in equipment they are at least fifty years behind Europe and America. There are only five universities in the whole length and breadth of the land (nineteen hundred miles broad and nineteen hundred miles long); about half a dozen technical institutes and a similar number of agricultural schools. The universities are practically controlled by the Government, the decisions of the Government are final and irrevocable. The Government spends about $25,000,000 a year on education, as against a hundred million on on the army.

"The revenue amounts to $410,000,000 and the foreign trade to $1,355,000,000. In the words of an English publicist, measured by European standards, the majority of the people are extremely poor. The average income per head, estimated some years ago, was $10 a year and the incidence of taxation in 1912 was about eighty cents per head. The wages of an unskilled laborer range from five cents to sixteen cents a day in the different parts of the country. In the words of a European president of one of the Chambers of Commerce, 'one of India's important needs and legitimate ambitions is industrial expansion. First, to relieve her congested agricultural industries; second, to provide further occupation for those located in districts liable to rain failure; and third, to create a variety and multiplicy of swadeshi commercial undertakings and home markets suitable and profitable for Indians of all tastes, capacities and races. These needs and ambitions can be met by modifications of the Indian customs tariff. The general impression is that the present policy of free trade is being pursued more in the interests of Great Britain than of India. The general desire of Indian politicians is to have a protective tariff."

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WILL THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST FURNISH THE NEXT REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY?

Senator Borah of Idaho says that he isn't a candidate. Nevertheless there is considerable of a call for him. The Boston Transcript says editorially under the caption "The Call for Borah":

"Washington despatches chronicle the departure this week of Senator Borah for the West, without any authorized announcement of his candidacy for the Republican Presidential nomination, and without his acceptance of hundreds of invitations that have poured in upon him since Congress adjourned, to 'show himself' and speak in various parts of the country. For the first time since he entered the Senate Borah has been obliged to break his well-known habit of answering promptly every letter. His correspondence has increased in the last six weeks in a way that is said to be 'a source of much amusement' to the senator, as most of the letters deal with his 'Presidential prospects.'

"What does this call for Borah mean? It is coming from all parts of the country. It is apparently spontaneous. Here is a senator who has neither an organization nor abundant wealth. He has not announced his candidacy for the presidency; many doubt whether he will. Yet hundreds of Republicans and Progressives are discussing Borah and many of them are writing to him or to the newspapers about him. Neither Mr. Taft nor Mr. Roosevelt are backing Borah, yet both say they will take the stump for him gladly if he is nominated. West of the Mississippi River he is looked upon by many as the 'favorite son' of that whole section. Republican leaders in Maine have been trying for two months to get him to make a trip with them through that State. The radical Senator Norris of Nebraska declares him to be the 'ablest man available' for the Republican nomination. Elihu Root and Henry Cabot Lodge are not yet ready to say that Borah will be nominated, yet both are his hearty admirers and neither will be surprised at his nomination.

"How comes it that within a few months and without the semblance of an effort on his own part or that of his friends, Senator Borah looms up from out of the West with a strength as a presidential possibility greater than any two of the avowed or receptive candidates for the Republican nomination? Are the people really doing their own thinking about the matter? Is the call for Borah significant of a widespread party sentiment in favor of a presidential nomination forced upon the leaders by the rank and file? It is perhaps too early to say, but the Borah boom must receive a swift and certain check if the next Republican national convention is to be the 'favorite son' gathering which powerful party leaders are diligently working for today in the hope of keeping the nomination in their own hands to be disposed of at the psychological moment to the candidate of the own choice. Meantime the disposition in New England to regard Borah as a very desirable second choice throughout this section, if not ultimately the first of several States, is growing."

The New York Post says in an editorial paragraph:

"Borah for President. For it has been discovered that the Senator from Idaho resembles Lincoln. The resemblance is not physical, that is admitted. Sherman of Illinois has that honor, and such claim to the Republican nomination as goes with it. Besides, who of the long list of men who looked like the martyred President ever reached the White House? Illinois always has some one at Washington in whom this outward resemblance is noted, the last one being no less a personage than Cullom, whom half a dozen conventions passed by. Borah's likeness to Lincoln is deeper, being mental, moral, and geographical. He hails from a region, we are told, which has many points in common with the Illinois of the later fifties, and from a capital which bears about the same relation to the frontier that Springfield bore when Lincoln made it famous. And what human quality distinguished Lincoln from most of his professional and political competitors? Poise of judgment, of course. Who among living men—Republicans, that is—is distinguished for the possession of this same quality? The name of the Idaho Senator leaps to the lips. Finally, neither of the two men had a machine to help him. The only detail lacking to make the nomination certain is evidently for Borah to have a joint debate with a Democrat who looks like Douglas."

THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

Who little is, doth little seek
Him trifles satisfy;
The brave ascend the mountain peak,
The highest need the high.

—Emily Tolman.

THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS OF MISSIONS OF THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION.

Gladly will the day be welcomed when the vision of universal brotherhood becomes a pulsing truth the world around. The time of its realization seems not so very far distant and in that we rejoice; but is there not already for mankind a world-encircling bond which existed before recorded history, which lies so deep in the heart of nature that it is as old as life itself? It glowed in the savage heart of the wolf that nourished the infant founders of Rome; it made radiant the smile of the Egyptian princess as she gazed upon the child of the Hebrew bond-woman; it thrills through the tender touch of the ministering physician as she cares for the morsel of humanity in the darkness of the African kraal or the desperate poverty of a Chinese hut.

The protecting love for infancy, with the accompanying sympathy for motherhood, is a sentiment as universal and uncultivated as any law of nature. Upon this broad truth an appeal for missions can be made to any woman of Christian lands that will seldom fail to awaken a sympathetic response. Thoughtless and unheeding many may be to the truth that their exalted and favored womanhood is a gift from Jesus the Christ, but their sympathies are touched by the sufferings and needs of mothers and children in other lands of other conditions, and they are ready to follow the counsels of those who have heeded the admonition of the "Mother of mothers"—"Whatsoever He saith unto thee that do ye."

The great need is to tell women of this great world-task that is waiting for their doing—of this mothering of the peoples of the earth that they may be released from he bonds that enslave, and be made free through the riches of the grace of Christ Jesus.

The Christian women of the United States, realizing the magnitude of the task, that it is so mighty a factor in the evolution of mankind, so demanding of the interest and talents and service of a womanhood awakened to fulfilling it, welcome with enthusiastic faith the great opportunity afforded by the Panama-Pacific Exposition to present to visiting thousands the scope and achievements and needs of Christian missions. Does the preparation of an eight-day congress that will be a magnificent success seem a great undertaking? It is. It is the biggest thing ever projected by the women of the Pacific Coast; but like the "Adventurous Bowman," our leaders stand, feet firm, head high, eyes following with eager confidence the sure flight of the speeding arrow. The mighty bow was bent with the strength of faith and courage of prayer; the arrow was aimed with a sight made keen by confidence in its mission. A summons comes to every Christian woman to rise and follow these women of vision, to contribute all she can to this glorious endeavor.

"Life is too short to waste,
'Twill soon be dark—
Up! heed thine own aim
And God speed the mark!"

Would it be a help to know something specific to do? Here is a plan of service for each day in the week:

Sunday—Pray for the Congress of Missions and the world-wide work for oppressed and helpless women and children which it represents; for its far-reaching and permanent influence in widening the Kingdom of God.

Monday—Pray for the Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions and the Council of Women for Home Missions as they prepare and present the program; for the leaders and speakers; for all who attend.

Tuesday—Pray for unbroken unity in the local committee among officers, members of committees and all who have any part in making the plans; for wisdom; for singleness of purpose; for buoyant faith and enduring enthusiasm.

Wednesday—Pray for the enlistment of the prayers, interest, financial support and active service of large numbers of Christian women and young people throughout the Pacific Coast.

Thursday—Pray for a deeper sense of obligation in all Christian women; for a truer conception of the mission of the church; for more consecration and sacrifice.

Friday—Pray for the indifferent and uninformed women.

Saturday—Pray that the sole reliance may be on the power of the Holy Spirit, the sole aim that God may receive all glory always and in all things.

Nine o'clock in the morning is the hour when hundreds will be uniting in these petitions. After sincerely praying, listen for the voice, then act as the Spirit directs. Begin now to have a part in the exalting of the nations through the knowledge of the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.

DR. CAMPBELL'S NEW BOOK.

("The Place of Prayer in the Christian Religion." By James M. Campbell. 303 pp. The Methodist Book Concern. 1915.)

We have been witnessing during the last few years a renaissance of interest in religion itself, as over against discussion about religion. But this new interest has taken a somewhat different line from the old pietistic thought. The modern hatred for cant and the obviously pious has led us to a discussion, in modern terminology, and using modern scientific and literary methods, of the underlying things of the spirit. We are again learning the practice of prayer, but what we are today enjoying is not a mere revival of the old practice, but the growth of a new and living ideal.

Of the large number of books on prayer which have appeared during recent years none is more suggestive than the one which has just been issued by Dr. Campbell of Avalon. While devotional in thought, and while conserving the best of the old terminology, it is yet written from the standpoint of the modern student, and will appeal to the man who is repelled by much of the conventional devotional literature. The book is not a philosophical discussion of an abstract theme, but is a study in the New Testament teaching in regard to the prayer life. The place of prayer in the life and teaching of Jesus is studied, and also its place in the work of the Master's early followers. Especial attention is given to the teaching of Paul and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews in regard to the matter. But by far the most striking parts of the book are the last two sections, in which Dr. Campbell treats of prayer in the Christian Church, and of its place in the Christianity of today. Certain epigrammatical sentences might with profit be quoted: "It is a sad day for the church when those who compose her fellowship do not take time for private devotions"; "In this noisy, loquacious age,

the practice of the prayer of silence is greatly needed"; "Not unfrequently has ritualism been twin sister to 'rutualism' "; "The social life of the church has developed to such an extent that the supper room has been substitute for the 'upper room' "; "Prayer always calls for effort, sometimes for strenuous effort." The author believes that in spite of the apparent worldliness of the present, and the bitter materialism of contemporary life, the spiritual life is growing, and the prayer-life regaining its foothold. Not in the same old forms, perhaps, will the prayer life of the future be moulded, but the reality will be present just as in the past. Two things in particular give hope for the future, the modern understanding of the rationale of prayer, and the modern pragmatic testing of prayer. Modern science and the terrible testing in the fires of contemporary materialism and irresponsibility, instead of killing prayer, are giving it new life.

A pleasing thing about the book is the dedication, "To my brother in the spirit, the Rev. Hugh C. Waddell, Director of the Los Angeles Evangelical Prayer Union, who, more than any person I have ever known, has given himself up to the promotion and ministry of prayer." All of us who know Mr. Waddell can appreciate that tribute, for no little of the spirit of devotion and life which is in the evangelical churches of the Los Angeles vicinity is due to the fellowship and the ministry to ministers which he has been able to give.

In our busy, rushing, tiresome round of duties, when in California especially, because of our peculiar conditions, the spiritual life is apt to be crowded to the wall, a book like "The Place of Prayer in the Christina Religion" can be of tremendous worth. Dr. Campbell has done much valuable publishing, but none which should have a greater appeal to California readers. This book is worthy of the most careful study by all.

HAROLD V. HARTSHORN.

THE TASK AND OPPORTUNITY OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

By Albert W. Palmer, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Oakland.

(Written in answer to a question by a theological student.)

The obvious task, which lies close at hand, and which has something of the peculiarly maddening insistence of things which are new, is to make a practical success of the particular church of which he is the minister. To organize a Sunday School and train its teachers, to gather a congregation, to raise a budget, to meet the apportionment for benevolences, to build a building and to fill its pews by preaching a message which will be winsome and attractive, drawing men within range of the Gospel—for sermons can help only the people who hear them—all this is the obvious and inescapable task of a minister of today.

But beneath the obvious task lies the deeper one, even as beneath the learning of a language lies the thought you wish to express It is not enough to make an outward success of a church. Every thoughtful minister must propose to himself severer and deeper-going conceptions of his task, and seek through the church and its services to inscribe the great Christian ideals on the fresh white page of childhood, to encourage and guide the budding idealism of youth, to comfort and steady men and women in the routine of life, and to bring to those who face the menace of the years that outlook on life which shall make old age mellow and luminous.

This must be done by many means—some of it by class teaching, some of it by joyous fellowship in physical activities—by gymnasium and boy's clubs it may be—some of it by the ministry of music and ritual service, and some of it by a preaching of positive ideals and noble inspirations.

Nor is the task merely one concerned with individuals. It also includes the quickening of the social consciousness of the community. The minister must ask himself: When my pastorate is ended, will this neighborhood or this city have a higher sense of human values and will the vision of their common task be clearer to its citizens

My own conviction is that the minister's task can be met effectively only as the minister knows something of that mystic loyalty to Christ, which shall make the spirit of the Master pervade all his work and words as an atmosphere, as a presence felt, rather than as a deadening formula mechanically or ostentatiously lugged in.

As to the opportunity for the Christian minister today, it is a very great and joyous one. We have for the new day a splendid vital conception of God as immanent in His universe, a living interpretation of the Bible as a glowing human record of deepening religious insight, a new conception of salvation as something filling this present life with power and peace and joy in exchange for the former postponed salvation after death, and, finally, a world-conscious social message calling to the heroic moods and giving outlet for practical devotion. Never was the minister's message so big, so fitted to the needs of the age, so altogether worth-while living and dying for as today.

And, to crown it all, never was the minister so free—free from the tyranny of the state, of dogma, of ecclesiasticism, of conventionalities of all sorts. No man who must do his work in close contact with other men is so free as the minister today to speak his word, if only he speak bravely, modestly, lovingly and constructively. Freer than lawyer or merchant or editor, sometimes freer even than the college professor and always nearer the great heart of the common people, is the Christian minister of today.

With a clear and ringing message, with freedom to utter it, with a human race incurably religious, what greater opportunity could a man desire?

A NINETY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATED.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity celebrated the 95th anniversary of the birth of the Rev. Joseph Rowell last Monday.

The Rev. Dr. Walter Frear spoke first concerning the work which Mr. Rowell had done here in California for half a century. We honor him, he said, for his work, his faithfulness and fixedness of purpose, and count what he has done as one of our choicest assets.

Dr. Frear proceeded then to recount some of the experiences of the early California minister, giving a graphic picture of the inchoate conditions in the early years of the second half of the last century here in California.

The fields were hard, very hard, he realized now as he looked back over the past, but they had come to lay foundations and they went about the work without thought as to the hardness of the way. In those early years there

was no home missionary society here to look to, and every one had to stand on his own feet. Many of the places to which these pioneer workers went are scarcely on the map now. Iowa City! and Shasta City! Who knows of them today? Yet to such places, looming up with the greatest promise, went such university graduates as Kellogg and Frear and Pond and Hale. And though many of the places are unknown to us today, work was done by them there which counts in the life of dozens of our strong churches in what are now populous centers.

Dr. Frear told of his work at Placerville, and of the self-supporting church down there through all the years since he led it, as he entered on the pastorate, to give up the two hundred dollars a month home missionary aid it had been receiving and care for itself.

Incidentally it cropped out in Dr. Frear's talk that such had been his part in the organization of the home missionary work in California that he is actually entitled to the appellation "The Father of the California Home Missionary Society."

Seeing the need for a better organization he read a paper at an association meeting which bore fruit; and later the by-laws which were adopted were framed by him.

We learned also last Monday that Dr. Frear, while pastor at Placerville, was also for two years the school superintendent, and thus put his stamp on the schools of that county.

Pioneer preachers have done this in far-reaching ways in different parts of the country. A Congregational Home Missionary moulded the public school system of Michigan and the Rev. Dr. Atkinson's work decades ago in Oregon comes on down the years in the public schools of that state.

Dr. Pond in beginning his talk also paid tribute to Mr. Rowell, telling us among other things that he always seemed to have money in those early days and was a banker to whom he went once and borrowed a hundred dollars without taking for it either note or memorandum.

Often, said Dr. Pond, when Father Rowell would come to the meeting of the ministers and report week after week so many souls brought to Christ he had a kind of sacred envy of him.

Turning to some of his experiences in the mountain mining town of Downieville, Dr. Pond told us that though the place scarcely existed now yet the religious work done there reached out through different lives in such churches as the First of Los Angeles, the First of Alameda, Bethany of San Francisco and others. And he rejoiced that he had gone up to that mountain town in those early days and had, as Paul long before him had done, built on no other man's foundations.

Lunch was served in the dining room of the church at halfpast twelve and there were several around-the-table talks.

The Rev. S. C. Patterson told of hearing of Father Rowell's work in the Mariners' Church away down along the South American coast when coming toward San Francisco as a sailor, and of the warm place he had in the hearts of the sailors.

Professor Charles H. Ham spoke with great appreciation, as did also President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary—dwelling on his great longing in these years of inaction since the great fire of 1906 to be about his Master's business as of old, yet peaceful and patient withal, showing a character builded only through those years of service for the men who sailed the seas.

Mr. E. P. Flint sketched the early religious life of San Francisco, impressing the fact that there were many Christian men here who worked with devotion to put the Christian stamp on the young city. Coming in 1850 Mr. Flint united with the First Congregational Church in 1851, and his name stands now as number 27 on the early records. For 12 years he was a member here. When Chaplain Rowell came up from Panama to enter on his life work in San Francisco Mr. Flint went out with him to get the first money to support the work and aided in finding and renting a building. He laid emphasis on the personal work always done by Chaplain Rowell as of as much value today as ever in the past.

Father Rowell was asked to speak in conclusion. He told of his early formed purpose in life to win souls for Christ; of answers to his prayers for individuals, and of the joy in that God had made him the instrument of leading into the life in Him of nearly 6000 persons.

In the beginning of his work he had taken as his motto, he said, "By all means save some." And one by one he sought their salvation. He plead for gospel preaching, solemnly calling on his brethren to "do the work of an evangelist."

"Blest Be the Tie That Binds" was sung in conclusion. And all departed with the hope that Father Rowell would see his 100th anniversary and be with us meanwhile regularly as now at the Monday meetings of the ministers.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, First.—The pulpit will be occupied next Sunday morning by the Rev. Albert W. Palmer of Oakland. In the evening by the Rev. C. S. Dutton of San Francisco.

Glendale.—At a recent communion service, the right hand of fellowship was extended to twenty-five, fifteen on confession. All departments of the church work are well maintained. Two additions have been made to the church building, which gives six additional Sunday school rooms. These new rooms very materially aid the Sunday school in accomplishing more efficient work.

San Francisco, Mission.—The last of March Madame Cecile von Seiberlich, for several years organist and musical director, resigned, and a reception was given her and the members of the Quartette who had served so faithfully with her. On April 1st Mr. Victor R. Larsen, assistant Educational Secretary of the San Francisco Y. M. C. A., became musical director, and with him he brought a male quartette, composed of members of the local Y. M. C. A. Around this quartette Mr. Larsen, who has had wide experience in the East, is building a male chorus. A welcome dinner was given the new quartette by the men of the church April 15. Great enthusiasm is being shown. Mrs. O. L. Corbin succeeded Madam von Seiberlich as organist.

San Francisco, Bethany.—The Rev. Harold S. Tuttle has presented his resignation. His letter to the church reads as follows: "During the past week two physicians have ordered me to take a temporary rest from the nervous strain of the pastorate. For the sake of future health and

service I shall be obliged to comply, and seek recovery of health in the open country. I must therefore resign my place as your pastor. The joy of more than two years of work among you has been very great. Your co-operation in the uplift and culture of the community's ideals has been most rewarding. The influence of your friendship has been a rich experience, past all describing. The ties of friendship have grown too strong to be severad by the change in official relations. May God continue to bless you all, individually and as a Church! And may vision be given you to see, in ennobled lives, the abiding significance of your Christian character and service."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

In the death last week of Mr. W. H. Chickering the First Congregational Church of Oakland loses a long-time and great beloved and valuable member. Mr. Chickering had been engaged in the practice of law in San Francisco since 1876, and ranked as one of the most influential men in the profession on the Pacific Coast. Interested in all good works, he will be widely missed.

Next Monday the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will hold their anuual out-door meeting. The members of the Ministers' Wives' Club will unite in the meeting, which will be in Mill Valley. The 9:45 boat from San Francisco is the one to take to be there on time. A paper on the function of the rural church will be read by the Rev. George Atkinson of Campbell.

Next Sunday evening the Rev. Albert W. Palmer of Plymouth Church, Oakland, will speak on: "How can the United States now best promote Permanent Peace." He will ask and consider the question, "What attitude toward Mexico, Japan, and Europe will best promote the permanent peace of the world?" In announcing his subject Mr. Palmer aptly says: "This is a great theme—one on which we ought to be doing our clearest and most constructive thinking."

It is with sorrow that we announce the serious illness of the Rev. Dr. Jean F. Loba, and his resignation as pastor of Bethel Congregational Church, Ontario. Dr. Loba is at present at Linda Loma, suffering from a stroke of paralysis. It is hoped that he will recover sufficiently to make possible his return soon with his family to Evanston, Illinois, where he was pastor for fifteen years. Dr. Loba came to the church at Ontario in 1909 and leaves a harmonious people. "Of beautiful Christian spirit, most loyal and loving during the failing health of their pastor," are words used by Mrs. Loba in a note telling us of their contemplated departure for the East. At the last communion service there were fourteen additions to the church membership, ten on profession of faith.

A Wellesley Hill, Massachusetts, paper of recent date states: "Dr. Loyal Wirt and Mrs. Wirt, of Rockland Street, Wellesley Hills, sailed from New York, April first for a visit to Panama and the West Indies. Dr. Wirt has been appointed one of the lecturers under the "Carnegie Endowment for International Conciliation," and expects to to sail for Europe immediately upon his return from Panama. He will visit Germany and England, Russia, Turkey and France with a view of making a personal study of exact conditions in the belligerent countries after ten months of war. Dr. Wirt has lectured at the Mangus Club three times within the last few months. He will doubtless have a stirring message of international relationship and human brotherhood upon his return."

A card just received by the Editor of The Pacific, from Dr. Wirt, written on Balboa Heights, Canal Zone, Panama, April the 15th, reads: "Mrs. Wirt and I are enjoying our silver wedding trip here where man and nature have wrought their mightiest. Yesterday we stood upon the Culebra cut, which shifts its base almost as swiftly as some theological land slides. Today I bathed in both the Atlantic and the Pacific, crossing the forty miles by railway between dips. We spent one day with Captain Stephen R. Wood, U. S. A., a classmate at Pacific Theological Seminary and erstwhile pastor of Plymouth Avenue church, Oakland, now chaplain 2th Infantry and the only army chaplain on the Zone. He is doing a fine work for the soldiers, four regiments being stationed here. U. S. Engineers are now on the Zone selecting the best of the machinery and equipment, which has served its day here, for use in Alaska. Governor Goethals told me he would not go to Alaska to undertake the work there, but wished to retire as soon as possible."

The Home.

For hope and love and sympathy,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!
For conscience and its voice of awe,
Thy whisper when we break Thy law,
For knowledge of Thy power divine,
And wisdom mighty as benign;
For all we are and hope to be,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

—Charles Mackay.

THE IDEAL HOME.

What a wonderful place is the home, more wonderful even than the church in its way. It antedates the church. The better we can make our homes, the deeper and fuller will be the hidden life of the soul. Love will blossom there and bear beautiful fruit. Wisdom will take on new grace and new meaning. Courtesy also will flourish, and kindness and chivalry. A few good books on the shelves will stimulate the intellect and refine the thought. Some pictures on the wall will lift the curtain of the mind and unfold new visions to the imagination. A musical instrument will give expression to the finer tastes of the soul, and will evoke here and there the growth of what we call the fine arts. Also there will be invisible ideals in such a place that will elevate conversation and produce domestic usefulness and mutual helpfulness and the growth of manly and womanly respect. An atmosphere of reverence will be there, and the sound of prayer will be heard. The Good Book also will have its place. And besides all this, the atmosphere will be charged, as if by electricity, with that wholly supernatural yet deeply human thing called love, that will sit like lambent tongues of fire upon every soul, burning selfishness to ashes, and purifying the heart with sacrifice. When a man at the end of his day's toil has gone back to his ap-

pointed dwelling-place, no matter how humble, he has come to the place where his soul should grow. At table, or beneath the evening light, with the faces of his loved ones close at hand, or a good friend with an open heart, or with a good book in hand, or with some enterprise of domestic joy to fashion, or some plan of neighborliness to consider, or some human need or service to meditate upon—such simple scenes of joy and contentment are after all the great spectacles of life.—From a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Edgar Whitaker Work.

PROTECTIVE SILENCE.

"He well understood," says the biographer of a man in public life, "the protective power of silence." That sentence is very suggestive when one comes to consider it.

Hasty, ill-advised, thoughtless speech opens many doors to unfriendly attacks, and to trouble of various kinds. Into most lives, whether public or not, there come happenings and complications that are unwelcome, and concerning which the outside world, larger or smaller, is sure to wonder and comment. Some sorrowful cloud may fall upon the family through the wrongdoing of one connected with it, some keen humiliation come through the folly, if not the sin, of one nearly allied to it, and human tongues will not fail to busy themselves with such occurrences. Weak natures, suffering under the sting of this knowledge, rush into endless explanations to whoever will listen. They are feverishly anxious to palliate and set right, but they are seldom successful, even in the smallest degree. What has been done has been done; surrounding humanity is entitled to its opinion of the case, and will have it; it has a right to express its views, and will doubtless claim the right. Far more effectual than any word defense is the "protective power of silence"—a quiet, dignified, absolute silence that few have the temerity to assault either with questions or unwelcome pity. There are cups of grief that can be shared with God alone, there are mistakes and hurts that he only can understand; and toward all the world outside there is no wiser, more healing course than silence.—Great Thoughts.

CULTIVATE CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness cannot be acquired as a man acquires a new pair of boots or a load of coal; neither can it be cultivated as cabbages and cacti are cultivated. It is quite futile to view one's life, observe the lack of cheerfulness, and then say, "I will now cultivate it." Such a decision shows that the most elementary principles of this philosophy have not even dawned upon the mind. It is tolerably certain that a deliberate attempt to cultivate cheerfulness will end in the deepest misery.

"I am rich, I have plenty to eat, plenty to drink, and therefore have many friends—I will now proceed to be cheerful.' A person who speaks thus will probably die within six months of melancholia or nervous exhaustion. This is not difficult to explain. In most kingdoms it is quite true that those who would find must diligently seek, and those who would enter must loudly knock; but in the realm of cheerfulness the exact opposite is true. Those who seek can never find, and those who knock the loudest are forever kept outside. If a man should, either in brazen insolence or wistful humility, seek cheerfulness as something added to life, he is, from the beginning, doomed to disappointment. He follows a wandering fire, and will return baffled and confounded at the end of the day. In a word, cheerfulness is one of life's by-products. It eludes the grasp of those who seek it, and is found by those who are engaged on quite a different quest. A chemist often finds in his researches and experiments that he has produced something beside what he intended, and sometimes the by-product is more valuable than the immediate object of his search. In the soul's laboratory the same is true. There are many precious by-products, and not the least is cheerfulness. It is found by those who sought it not, and is made manifest to those that ask not after it.

It must be acknowledged that cheerfulness cannot be cultivated like some other things, but it may be granted that there are indifferent substitutes which can be cultivated in the agricultural sense. Cheeriness, a rollicking gayety, a vulgar swagger—these come at any man's bidding. There is no mystery about such things, and no magic. They are picked up easily enough along the common streets of life. We need not despise them, so long as we do not mistake them for something indefinitely superior.

Further, it must be affirmed, cheerfulness is not a matter of temperament, and not a fugitive mood. It is immeasurably deeper than either. Cerebral convolutions neither make it nor mar it. It is something more than disposition, or rather, something entirely different. It is an unconscious deposit of the soul; it is a spiritual quality evolved in the heart's secret chambers. Food and good company do not affect it, favorably or adversely. It is wholly independent of the transactions of the common day. Silently it is wrought in the soul's deep solitudes, and becomes in the end the garment of the spirit, woven without seam throughout.

For The Children.

THE PEACE FLAG.

Mary Stebbins Savage.

Robbie McLean was a Boy Scout,—a Junior Scout, I think they call him—one of the little fellows. And Robbie had ideals—a very mixed lot of them. He was extremely proud of being a Scout and having "stood guard" one frightfully dark night. His mother told him he never need be afraid to go to bed alone after that, which was surely sound logic.

Robbie was ardently devoted to the Stars and Stripes. He had a flag of his own, one that the teacher had given him when he marched in the parade on 'Washington's Birthday'; and it was a good-sized flag, for he had been the leader of his grade. Now a flag isn't meant to be hidden away in the bottom drawer of a chiffonier, like a candle under a bushel. It is meant to gleam in the morning sunshine and flutter in the morning breeze for the delectation of admiring eyes, and to serve as the guiding star of small boys who have specially loyal hearts. So Robbie had his flag out for an airing; only it was not morning, it was late in the afternoon.

Of course when a flag is abroad like that, small boys invariably congregate to do the bidding of some ruling spirit. Robbie was always captain, and on this particular occasion he had a company that filled him with a great sense of importance and no end of patriotism. He was ready to face any foe imaginable in defence of his country, and a foe was at hand to test his mettle.

Hans Peterson had a flag. His mother had made it for him on the 17th of May, and it wasn't the Stars and Stripes at all. It was a Norwegian flag; and Hans had it out for an airing, too.

Several of Robbie's ideals had been gathered from his sister Jean and Bessie Marlow when they were getting their history lessons, for the greater part of their studying at home was done aloud. If Robbie couldn't remember the exact language of the book, according to their rendering, he put his ideal in his own language; and he believed in living his ideals whenever occasion offered.

Discovering a foreign flag on American soil, he marched his company at a spirited, if somewhat irregular, double quick into the alley where Hans was displaying it.

"Down with that rag!" he ordered, as soon as he could command sufficient breath for the enunciation.

"Who says I must?" questioned Hans, with perfect unconcern.

"I do—in the name of the Continental Congress!" blustered Robbie, his treble voice shrill with angry vehemence.

"My flag is just as good as yours," Hans maintained serenely.

"You're an arch traitor! Pull it down!"

"It means free peoples, just like yours. Grossmutte said so."

"If you don't take it down quick, I'll lick you!"

"I tank it's a free country," Hans persisted, which at that crisis was equivalent to a declaration of war.

Robbie handed his flag to his first follower with the words, "You fellows just wait!" and jumped into the fray.

It was a sharp fight from the beginning. Hans was the bigger boy, but Robbie was fired with patriotic indignation and resentment against "foreigners," and also endowed with a quickness of thought, decision, and movement that struck his antagonist like a whirlwind. Hans went down in a heap of wailing exasperation, while Robbie stripped the little Norwegian ensign into fragments, and flung them into the dust where his fallen but not quite conquered enemy lay.

"There! I guess tha'll show you!" he panted, and, turning, led his company triumphantly away, carrying his flag over his shoulder, and nursing one elbow which gave promise of an "honorable scar."

Robbie was glowing with the enthusiasm of righteous victory, but somehow it proved rather elusive and evanescent. It wouldn't stay by him to his satisfaction. To be sure, he bore himself proudly until he reached home, but he was glad it was time for their six o'clock dinner then, so that he could dismiss his band of soldiers and run into the house.

Mrs. McLean saw that her little son was more quiet than usual. However, she rarely intruded on his privacy at such times. Little boys' confidences are usually somewhat deferred, she had noticed. So she passed a commonplace remark or two, and then left him to himself.

Robbie ate his dinner, after which he climbed into a big arm-chair that stood near the grate in one corner of the sitting-room. There was a fire in the grate, for, although tomorrow would be Memorial Day, the air seemed chilly when the sun went down. Robbie liked the grate fire too. He could always see curious things going on among the embers. But tonight his ideals were drifting about in a way that confused him. He just could't make up his mind that he had used Hans Peterson quite right.

Well, Hans was a foreigner. Yes; she hadn't his own grandfather, Thomas McLean, been a foreigner too? He had come from Scotland on a great steamship many years ago. Robbie had heard him tell about it. Robbie revenced his grandfather's memory very deeply. His grandfather had "been in the Civil War," and always spoke of the Stars and Stripes as "Old Glory." Something in his tone when he pronounced the words made a fellow feel like taking off his hat. Grandfather never wanted the flag used as sofa pillows, or in any such common ways. It was always "Old Glory" to him, something to love and honor, something sacred, though Robbie's conception of what "sacred" meant was wholly intuitive. But of course grandfather had been a foreigner when he first came to America.

Hans had come from Norway. Robbie wondered if Norway seemed like home to him still, and if the little flag that had been so ruthlessly destroyed made him think of home. Then he wondered what Norway was really like, with its mountains, and funny fiords, crooked and frozen.

Suddenly there was a light tap on the window-pane at his elbow. The window was raised from the outside, and there stood Sir Galahad. Robbie knew it was Sir Galahad, for he had looked at his picture very many times in the school-room, and the handsome young knight beckoned to Robbie, and put him on his horse, and got up behind him.

"Where are we going?" asked Robbie. "To a place in Holland," the knight replied. Then he began to talk about a wonderful Leader who wanted to make all Boy Scouts feel like brothers.

"Why—Hans Peterson is a Scout," Robbie observed. Sir Galahad smiled. "Yes; I think you will see him in Holland. There is to be a gathering of Scouts there."

Then Sir Galahad's steed struck into so fast a gallop that Robbie was sure he would have fallen if the knight's strong arm had not been around him. At last they came to a beautiful building in a large city.

"I believe it's The Hague!" exclaimed Robbie. "Our teacher has told us about The Hague a lot of times"; for the little fellow occasionally used expressions not quite countenanced by his mother.

Sir Galahad only smiled. Suddenly, hundreds and hundreds of Boy Scouts came pouring to the ground in front of the great building. Robbie looked at them in amazement. They were from all parts of the world. He could see that, because each group carried the flag of its own country. There was the Norwegian flag—and—yes, Hans Peterson was grasping the staff and waving the ensign aloft proudly, but nobody seemed to think of molesting him here.

Then somebody took charge of things, and Robbie looked to see who it was. Why, it was Abraham Lincoln! He set all the Scouts to singing, —

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in faithful love."

After this, Mr. Lincoln introduced King Arthur, who told the Boy Scouts that they could all be knights if the would stand by the right, and protect those weaker than themselves, which often takes a great deal of courage. His teacher had said something like that, Robbie remembered.

"Do not think," King Arthur continued, "that a knight must carry a sword. Notice Sir Galahad here. It isn't his arms and armor and spurs that really show him to be a knight. It is the look in his face—the look that tells you that he is good and true, and that you can depend upon him. Every boy here can earn a book like that by being noble and kind."

Robbie drew close to Sir Galahad, and made up his mind to be like him ever after.

Then Mr. Lincoln introduced George Washington, who said that everybody loved and trusted a man who always spoke and acted the truth, which was just what any little boy would imagine the Father of his Country would say.

After this, a German spoke, and an Italian, and two or three other foreigners, but of course Robbie couldn't be expectd to understand these.

Finally Mr. Lincoln himself told the Scouts to work together for the good of all the people in the world; that the were all God's people. Then he spoke to some one Robbie had not noticed before, and a man came forward —a man with a finer face even than Sir Galahad's.

"Is that the Great Leader?" Robbie asked; but Sir Galahad only said, "Wait and see."

Robbie was very curious indeed. The man looked into the faces of all the Boy Scouts—hundreds and hundreds of them—and a smile that was like radiant summer sunshine lighted his own countenance. He took a few steps forward, laid his left arm gently around a little Italian color-bearer's shoulders, and touched with his right hand the pretty Italian flag. What a strange thing happened! A white silken border unfolded all around it.

"It just flowered!" said Robbie to Sir Galahad, and then he added, "Isn't it beautiful?"

All at once he began to think. What did his teacher say the white border meant? While he was thinking, every little flag carried by the Scouts blossomed into a snowy border at its edges, as the Italian flag had blossomed.

Then the sky seemed to open, and a crowd of angels began to sing, "Peace on earth! Good will among men!"

The music was very sweet, and everybody looked up and listened. Robbie turned toward the Great Leader; he knew now that it must be the Great Leader. When he caught sight of him, he looked up at Sir Galahad and said, "Why—it is Jesus!" and there was great reverence in his tone.

Sir Galahad bowed his head in silence. A moment later Robbie added, "Oh, oh, oh! The white border means peace—peace all over the world!"

At this, Sir Galahad smiled into Robbie's eyes as if a great purpose had been accomplished. Robbie turned. He wanted to go to Jesus. Had Jesus not said, "Suffer little children to come unto me?" But something prevented—and— Robbie found himself looking into the grate in his mother's cosy sitting-room.

After a few quiet moments, he slipped down from the big arm-chair and went for his flag.

"Please put a strip of white silk around it, mother," he said. "Oh," his mother responded, "your teacher has been telling about the peace flag, has she not? Yes, I will make a white border."

On the following morning, Robbie told Hans that he was sorry about "that flag." Then he rode with his father and mother to the cemetery to decorate the graves of their loved ones there with beautiful flowers, for it was Memorial Day.

When they came to his grandfather's grave, Robbie asked to set up his own little flag, and was given permission. The small, white-bordered star-spangled banner fluttered out proudly in the morning sunshine, like a joyous bird just set free. It was the first of its kind in this particular city of the dead.

As their carriage moved along the beautiful winding drives of the cemetery, toward home, Robbie asked, "Do you think grandfather would like to have 'Old Glory' a peace flag?"

His father said, "Yes, my son," and then he added, "He knew what war meant."

Robbie always felt honored when spoken to in the tone his father had used, and given the title "son."

Then came the deferred confidence that his mother had foreseen the night previous. Robbie told of his encounter with Hans Peterson, and his wonderful dream about the Boy Scouts and the flags that flowered into white borders.

His father looked at his mother and said, "A little child shall lead them."

Robbie did not quite understand the application of the words, but he felt that snuggling up to father and mother in the carriage was almost like drawing close to Sir Galahad on his tall horse, and was satiesfied.

WEEDING A GARDEN.

It was about three and a half years ago. An excellent lady of my acquaintance knew of my interest in a certain boy, then thirteen years of age, and asked if he could be spared to weed her garden for a little while after school one afternoon. I immediately sent the boy to her.

He started to do the weeding as she directed, and she went about her household duties. After a half-hour had elapsed, she looked out the window, and saw the boy at about the same spot she had left him. "Pretty slow, I'm afraid," said the lady, and again went about her work.

Another half-hour elapsed, and again she looked out the window. She noticed that he had done very little more, and said to herself, "I wish I had secured a man for this job; it will not be finished to-day, at this rate."

At the end of another half-hour she looked again. This time she grew desperate. She certainly would have to speak to him and hurry him up, so out to the yard she went.

She stopped suddenly. It was true that not very much of the garden had been covered. He was slow, that was sure, but such a job of weeding as he had done! Not a single stray piece of grass was left. It was as clean as could be. She stood and looked in amazement. There was just one word for it—thorough. Instead of telling him to do the work faster, she said: "That's fine. That's the kind of weeding I like to have done every time."

She said to me the next day: "That boy will succeed, and I will help him."

That was three years and a half ago. Last summer the same boy was hundreds of miles away from his home when school closed, with no funds to bring him home. He had no choice—he had to stay in the school town and make his best of it. When the lady whose garden he had weeded heard about it, she said: "I'll pay his way home," and handed me twenty-five dollars for his fare. He and I have talked it over since, and we have both agreed that it paid in double measure to do a good job of weeding that day. First, because it is always worth while to do any work well; and, second, it made a new friend for the boy.—Exchange.

LITTLE KEYS.

Hearts like doors, will open with ease
To very, very little keys,
And don't forget that two of these
Are, "Thank you, sir," and "If you please!"

—Progressive Teacher.

FIVE SOULS.

First Soul—
I was a peasant of the Polish plain;
I left my plough because the message ran:—
Russia, in danger, needed every man
To save her from the Teuton; and was slain.
I gave my life for freedom—this I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Second Soul—
I was a Tyrolese, a mountaineer;
I gladly left my mountain home to fight
Against the brutal treacherous Muscovite;
And died in Poland on a Cossack spear.
I gave my life for freedom—this I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Third Soul—
I worked in Lyons at my weaver's loom,
When suddenly the Prussian despot hurled
His felon blow at France and at the world;
Then I went forth to Belgium and my doom.
I gave my life for freedom—this I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Fourth Soul—
I owned a vineyard by the wooded Main,
Until the Fatherland, begirt by foes
Lusting her downfall, called me, and I rose
Swift to the call—and died in fair Lorraine.
I gave my life for freedom—this I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Fifth Soul—
I worked in a great shipyard by the Clyde,
There came a sudden word of wars declared,
Of Belgium, peaceful, helpless, unprepared,
Asking our aid; I joined the ranks, and died.
I gave my life for freedom—this I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

—W. N. Ewer, in The Nation, London.

BIRD BIOGRAPHY.

What bird is our emblem?
I, said the eagle,
In strength i am regal;
I'm America's emblem.

Who sings on the wing?
I, said the skylark;
From dawn until dark,
I sing on the wing.

Who builds a hang-nest?
I, said the oriole,
In shape like a bowl,
I build my hang-nest.

Who loves to chatter?
I, said the blackbird,
My harsh voice is heard,
I love to chatter.

Who whistles "Bob White"?
I, said the quail,
Across wood and dale.
I whistle "Bob White."

What bird is handsome?
I, said the jay,
With plumes blue and gray.
I'm very handsome.

—From Alabama Bird Day Book.

WRITE RIGHT.

Write, we know, is written "right";
When we see it written "write";
But when we see it written "wright,"
We know it is not written right.
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written "right" or "wright,"
Nor yet should it be written "rite";
But "write," for so 'tis written right.

Sunshine Bulletin.

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